

bewitched by thenewromantics

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Summary:

ever since she had been a little girl, el had been taught that magic was the most powerful thing on earth. but no, it wasn't. she knew that now. because magic had absolutely nothing on a little thing called love.

aka el is a witch au.

bewitched

Author's Note:

hello friends! i recently started watching the chilling adventures of sabrina and think sabrina and harvey are just the cutest and they reminded me a lot of mileven, so i decided to write a quick au that's kind of inspired by caos, but isn't a direct au? if that makes sense. anyways, thought this would be a good thing to write/post for the halloween season!

enjoy!

If El had to pick a word to describe Hawkins in October it would be, magical.

There was a certain shift in the air that made her skin tingle happily and her heart flutter excitedly. It was undeniably her most favorite time of year, and with good reason. October was when she started to feel stronger, healthier, more herself. Not to mention it was her birthday month, and who didn't love their birthday month? Especially when that particular October happened to be the month one's *sixteenth* birthday.

El knew the importance of turning sixteen and she was ready to embrace it with open arms. You see, sixteen wasn't just the year that she would be able to learn how to drive, or the year that would put her two years closer to *officially* being an adult. No, sixteen was the year that she would say goodbye her to childhood and become the witch she was always destined to be.

Yes, witch. Despite living with it for (almost) sixteen years, it still felt weird to say, despite how excited she was. It had yet to feel like a real part of her identity. Like, it wasn't who she actually was. She knew she would no doubt grow into overtime, and she was very excited for that, but now, it still didn't feel right.

She had always known who she was, El Hopper, daughter of Terry Hopper and an unknown father, niece of Hawkins Police Chief, Jim

Hopper. Best friend of Max Mayfield and girlfriend of Mike Wheeler. All those things she was very comfortable with. Now, in a few weeks, she could officially add “witch” to that list of ever growing identities.

Needless to say, she was experiencing many sleepless nights filled with excited nervousness.

However, despite her nerves and the butterflies that never ceased to flutter in her stomach, El was still trying her hardest to enjoy her absolute favorite time of year.

Something that was *especially* easy on this particular day.

It was sometime in the mid afternoon, the sun beginning it's slow descent down the horizon, leaving the late October day covered in a orange glow that El thought was absolutely beautiful. The air was brisk, but it hardly bothered her.

He companion on the other hand, looked like he was seriously regretting his lack of layers. Dressed in only jeans and a thin long sleeved polo shirt, El could only laugh at her boyfriend as he did his best to not give away how cold he was.

Mike Wheeler.

Uncle Hop had really not known how to handle *that* one. El had never really meant for it to happen, when she moved in with her Uncle back when she was in middle school after her mom died, it was meant to just be something temporary, until she was sixteen and ready to go to the academy. It's not that Uncle Hop wasn't trying his hardest, especially being mortal, it's just that, El didn't think he had anticipated a boyfriend.

To be fair, neither had El. But, when she met Mike, she knew it would only be a matter of time before she wouldn't be able to ignore her heart much longer. They met on El's first day at Hawkins Middle, Mike nearly running into her on his way to class.

At first, El had barely batted an eyelash at him, ready to push by him and move on. She knew the consequences of becoming too attached to people here, and she had tried her absolute hardest to follow what

her mother had told her, but then Mike had smiled at her and El knew that she was, in all senses of the word, a goner.

The rest of her friends had followed quickly, and soon enough, El had a whole gaggle of friends in Hawkins, much to the displeasure of Uncle Hop, who was concerned that eventually El wouldn't have what it took to say goodbye to them.

"It's not that I don't like them, I do, and that's the problem." He would say at dinner, his voice always soft and warm. *"I'm afraid that when the time comes you're not gonna be able to let them go."*

Part of El knew that Uncle Hop had a point, despite only knowing about the magical realm because of his sister, he knew what El was going to have to do on her sixteenth birthday and he didn't want her to get hurt. But, she also didn't want to spend her years waiting for that birthday completely alone.

It still hurt of course, knowing that eventually she would have to say goodbye to the friends that had become like family over the last couple of years. But, El had managed to cope with it, even if that coping strategy was just distracting herself and not thinking about it.

Now, it was impossible not to think about. And as she walked hand and hand down the abandoned railroad tracks with the person who had quickly become her favorite person in the world, it was the only thing weighing on her mind.

"Hey, you okay?" Mike suddenly asked, his eyes finding hers. "You seem like you're a million miles away."

A heaviness weighed hard on El's heart at the softness of Mike's words, and she swallowed down the lump in her throat. "Yeah, I'm fine." She smiled. "Just thinking, that's all."

Mike grinned, squeezing her hand. "About what? About how your birthday is only two days away?" There was a smirk on his lips, and a playfulness behind his eyes. "Still sucks that you're gonna be busy though."

El's heart squeezed, her mind flashing back to a couple of weeks ago,

when she had told her friends that she was busy with family plans on her birthday, and would be busy nearly all night. A lie, obviously, and a desperate attempt to avoid talking about how after her birthday she was never going to see any of them again.

“Yeah.” She whispered, swallowing roughly. “But, family is family.” She shrugged, not missing the way Mike’s face fell, even if only momentarily.

“Yeah, I guess.” Mike sighed, stopping abruptly. El, who had been slightly ahead on the tracks, felt herself being pulled back, trying her hardest not to use any of her abilities to stop herself from tripping. While she might not have reached her full potential yet, she wasn’t *completely* powerless.

“What?” She asked, looking up at Mike as she stepped towards him. There was an unreadable expression on his face and El could feel her heart beating erratically in her chest.

Mike sighed, licking his lips. “I don’t know, I guess I’m just bummed. We had so much fun on your birthday last year, that’s all.” As he bit down on his bottom lip, El could feel her stomach drop ever so slightly, a weird tingle of anticipation running across her skin, leaving goosebumps in its wake.

She sensed that there was something else he wanted to say, and her heart hammered harshly against her rib cage. “And I just, I love you, and I just wish we could spend your birthday together.”

The world opened up beneath her and suddenly El felt like she couldn’t breathe. Mike had never used those words before, sue he had alluded to it before, and each instance had felt like a deeper and deeper dagger to her heart, but this was more intense then she could have imagined. And she had definitely imagined this moment before.

Mike must have thought that he had said something wrong (which he hadn’t, *god* , he hadn’t, it just wasn’t the right time, it never would be the right time, and maybe it was that thought that tore her apart more than anything), because he quickly shook his head, his skin going white, the blood quickly rushing from his face.

"I probably shouldn't have said that, we've never said that before and I never wanted to make you feel uncomfortable or anything..."

"No, Mike, you're not making me feel uncomfortable." El said, her voice coming out more watery than she had intended. "I just...wasn't expecting it, that's all." Giving a small, albeit a slightly forced, smile, El could feel her heart twisting and turning uncomfortably in her chest.

She knew what she needed to do.

"Mike, I need to tell you something."

Mike, whose face was still slightly crestfallen, met her gaze in what El would normally admire as adorably confused, but now it just made her stomach lurch. "Okay..."

Looking around the quiet, peaceful wood around them, El made a decision. She didn't know if Mike would believe her if she told him, so she was going to show him. "Actually, it would be easier if I showed you."

Not waiting for a response, El tugged Mike's hand, which felt heavy in hers, and led him off the tracks and into the trees. He followed wordlessly and one look back at him told her that his silence, which was uncharacteristic as Mike was known to fill silence with rambles, was out of shock more than anything else.

"Now, before I show you anything, I need to say something. And that's that..." Taking a deep breathe, El turned around to look at Mike, stopping them in a clearing. "I love you, too. I never expected to, but I do."

A small, breathy smile came across Mike's face and El, despite the flutter in her stomach, felt her heart plummet, because she knew was she was about to show him was going to change everything. And likely not for the better.

"But, I need to be honest with you about something that I've been keeping a secret." El took a deep breath, her hands beginning to tremble. "This is something that no one knows, not Max, no one."

“El, what’s going on?” Mike was thoroughly confused now, El could see it all over his face and in the way he was holding himself and she swallowed roughly. “You’re kind of scaring me.”

Closing her eyes, El blinked away the tears that were forming in the corners of her eyes. His words made her nervous, but she also knew there was no turning back now. She needed to do this, he deserved to know, even if it meant that he would hate her forever.

Without another word, El took a deep breath. Letting go of Mike’s hands, she took a step back, slipping into the mindset that was required to tap into her abilities. She didn’t use them that often, Uncle Hop was still slightly unsettled by them, despite growing up with El’s mom, and since she wasn’t strong enough yet, she was often tired after performing them. But, she found it surprisingly easy to connect to them.

“El...” Mike’s voice sounded far off, like he was speaking to her through a closed door, rather than right in front of her. El didn’t reply though, channeling her energy into the trees and the woods around her, the wind she was creating sending shivers down her spine.

After a couple of moments, she could hear the wind whipping and the leaves rustling. She didn’t open her eyes to see Mike’s expression, too afraid that he would be terrified, of what she was creating. Terrified of *her*. Luckily, she thought in the back of her mind, no one would know she was creating this. High winds were certainly not uncommon in Hawkins, especially this time of year.

When she started to feel her head become dizzy, she lowered her head, slipping back into “normal” El. She still didn’t want to open her eyes, her heart hammering nervously against her rib cage.

“Whoa.” She heard Mike say after a couple of moments. “How did you just do that?” Slowly opening her eyes, El finally saw Mike’s reaction. His expression was nothing short of amazement, his mouth puckered in *shock*, it was hard to tell, his eyes wide. He was looking at her like he couldn’t believe what he was seeing, and it made her face feel hot.

Taking a small step forward, she took a deep breathe. “Remember, back in 9th grade, we learned about the Salem Witch Trials?” She started, hoping to make sense of all this by connecting with Mike’s love of history. He nodded. “Well, some of those witches survived, and they moved around the country and they started families and groups of witches of their own.”

Mike’s face hadn’t changed, but he looked like he was paying close attention to her words, so she took that as encouragement to continue. “My mother was a descendent of one of those Salem witches.”

“So you’re a...” Mike’s eyebrows were furrowed together and El swore she could see his heart beating through his polo shirt.

“Witch.” El finished for him, her voice quiet. “Yeah.”

Mike nodded, and El could see the gears turning into his head. Like things about her were finally starting to make sense about her that he hadn’t been able to figure out before. El had always tried her hardest to make sure she didn’t use her abilities around her friends, but she knew that she didn’t always succeed, and she knew Mike was finally starting to connect the dots.

“Why didn’t you say anything about this before?” He asked softly, not a hint of anger in his voice.

El shrugged. “Mainly because I’m not supposed to, over the years a council has formed, and there are rules that those who belong to the magical world must follow. One of those being that mortals, unless directly related, aren’t supposed to know of our existence.”

“I guess that makes sense...” Mike said, biting his lip. El could feel the anxiety rolling off of him and she smiled, despite herself.

“Don’t worry, you won’t get into any trouble.” Mike nodded, letting out a breathy laugh. She saw him relax, but could tell he was still anxious and nervous. Almost like he knew that there was more to the story.

“I have a feeling that all of this has something to do with your

birthday.”

Sighing softly, El nodded. “This was the part that I didn’t want to have to tell you.” She whispered, trying her hardest to keep her voice from breaking.

Mike took a deep breath and grabbed her hands. “El, whatever it is you can tell me.”

“I’m surprised you’re not more weirded out by what I just told and showed you.” She commented, and Mike snorted softly.

“Honestly, I think it’s pretty cool. Sure, it’s weird as hell and part of me feels like I might be dreaming, but having a girlfriend who has magical abilities, that’s pretty cool.” He smiled, squeezing her hands softly.

El didn’t think she had ever felt more loved in her entire life.

“When a witch turns sixteen, she harnesses all of her abilities. Now, I can do things, sure, but it’s nothing compared to what I’ll be able to do a week from now.” El started, her eyes never leaving Mike’s. “The only thing is that, on a witch’s sixteenth birthday, she must be properly inducted into the coven, and she must officially say goodbye to the mortal world.”

El watched as the realization flashed across Mike’s face. She saw the moment it hit him that in a couple of days he wasn’t going to see her anymore. The sight broke her heart more than she ever could have imagined.

“Goodbye?” He whispered. She could hear the edge in his voice, the tears that were threatening to break through. She swallowed roughly.

“At sixteen, you get enrolled in the Academy of Unseen Arts, you attend there until you’re deemed worthy enough to graduate.” El whispered, her stomach twisting and furling uncomfortable and tight. “Once you graduate, you’re assigned a task in the magical realm. You’re not exactly forbidden from speaking to mortals, but it’s frowned upon to have deep connections with them.”

El swallowed down a sob that was threatening to break free, covering

it with a cough. "I'm sorry that I didn't tell you sooner, I had no idea how."

"Can I ask you something?" Mike asked softly. El nodded. "If you always knew you were going to have to go off to some academy when you turned sixteen, why..." He trailed off, and El could see him struggling to gather his thoughts and she what he was trying to ask her.

"Why did I let you fall in love me?"

Mike's eyes snapped to her, wide. "I mean, kinda, yeah."

"When I moved here after my mom died, Uncle Hop, who is mortal, by the way, always told me to not make too many friends. Not because he wanted me to be alone, but because he knew how hard it would be for me to say goodbye when the time came. But then, I met you, and I met the party and I met Max, and I knew that you guys were the friends that I had been missing out for the first twelve years of my life.

"And you..." She stopped, watching Mike's expression shift, even if only slightly. "I never expected to fall in love with you. I tried to ignore how I felt about you for a long time, because I knew I would have to break your heart eventually, but my feelings for you were too strong." Taking a deep breath, El now did little to resist the tears rolling down her cheeks. "And trust me, I hate myself for breaking your heart, and I'll never forgive myself for it."

Mike shook his head, taking her hands in his again. "El, don't hate yourself. As much as all of this hurts, and as much as part of me wants to hate you, I know that I never will. Because I fell in love with you just as hard, and no matter what, I'll always feel that way."

"Really?" El asked, her voice quiet and small.

"Really." Mike said, giving a small, although slightly sad, smile. "Because, thinking about it, I would rather be able to think about how lucky I was to love you, then hate you for something that was out of your control."

El smiled, feeling almost like a weight had been lifted off of her shoulders. "Trust me, if there was a way I could change it, I would."

Mike nodded. "I know." El watched as his eyes lit up and he suddenly let go of her hands, reaching into his pocket. "Here, I want to give you this." Her eyebrows crinkled together in confusion. "I was gonna save it for your birthday, but I decided I want you to have it now."

In his hands with a small blue box, and El's heart fluttered in her chest. Opening the box, El felt the air leave her lungs as she saw what was inside. Nestled in the blue velvet of the box, was a necklace. A locket to be more precise.

"It belonged to my grandmother, I was always told to give it to the most special girl I ever met, and I don't think I'm ever going to meet someone more special than you, El Hopper."

"Mike.."

Shaking his head, Mike shut down her light protests, already wrapping his hands around his neck so he could clasp the necklace at the nape. "So you'll have something to always remember me by." He said, a small smile on his face.

"I promise that I will never forget you, Mike Wheeler."

And she meant that. In the dimming light of the late October afternoon, the wind quiet around them, El knew that more than she knew anything else in her life. Mike Wheeler was someone she would never forget. He would live in her heart forever.

"I'll never forget you either, besides, I have a feeling we'll be in each other's lives again." He said, a surprisingly confident smile on his face.

El couldn't help but laugh, despite the situation. "Did you just hear anything I said?"

Mike shrugged, not looking bothered as he wrapped his arm around her shoulders and led them back towards the tracks, ready to continue their journey. "I heard you, I just happen to believe in us, even if every power is working against us."

With his words, El realized something. Ever since she had been a little girl, El had been taught that magic was the most powerful thing on Earth. But no, it wasn't. She knew that now.

Because magic had absolutely nothing on a little thing called love.

Author's Note:

i wanted to add a little section that was mike and el reuniting in the future, but i almost want to write a follow up where that happens, let me know if you be interested in that! either way, thanks for reading! let me know what you think!

until next time!